

Kerry CAVALCADE:

OR, THE

High Sheriff's FEAST.

See the other Side for the Occasion of this

ASSIST me, ye Muses, *F—ce* to sing,
A Sheriff most glorious, as great as a King,
Tho' some of his Brethren were taller,
and bigger,

Not one in all *Ireland* made half such a Figure.

As Folks may observe, when I've rightly display'd,
The wonderful Pomp of his grand Cavalcade:

O'er Mountains, and Quagmires, and Ditches he trudges,
To shew what a *Bow* he cou'd make to the Judges.

Now view his Attendance, and take them in Order,
As they march in Procession to *Kerry's* wild Border;

Two Foot-men in White, ran puffing before,
Red Ribbons, red Sashes, deep Fringes all o'er,

To tell the Lords Judges (who little did mind 'em)
Their Master, the Sheriff, was coming behind 'em.

Four Grooms with four Horses, embroider'd, advanc'd,
How stately they trotted, how proudly they pranc'd;

And, least they shou'd fart in the Gentlemen's Noses,
Their Tails were adorn'd with Ribbands and Roses.

Next these came a Page in a Dress very odd,
And all that he bore was the Sheriff's white Rod;

The Ladies of *Kerry* cou'd kiss the sweet Varlet,
So pretty he look'd in his Silver and Scarlet.

Now see the High Sheriff most gloriously dress'd,
He's ev'ry Bit Scarlet, Coat, Britches and Vest;

His Sword was so dreadful, the Sight on't was felt,
As it clung to his Ribs in a broad Shoulder Belt,

In Velvet of Crimson, it bloodily dangled,
As if a whole Army of Men it had mangled.

Now view his fine Stone Horse, in *Turkish* fine Bridle,
A pawing the Ground, not a Limb of him idle;

And he who's upon him, as busy as he,
To keep in his Seat by the Clasp of his Knee.

The Reins were green Silk, with a Mixture of Gold,
As full of fine Figures as e'er they could hold;

The Caps and the Hoofings were Velvet in Green,
Yet cou'd scarce for the Gold and the Fringes be seen;

The Reason there's few but the Wife can discover,
Because it is thought they were cover'd all over.

Two Trumpeters, *Tantarrarara*, came after,
They sounded not Musick, but something like

Laughter;

Profusely, in Silver, bedecked they were,
Which gave them a greater, and much better Air.

Twelve Men, in the Family Colours, true tawny,
On black Horses mounted, sleek, long tail'd, and

brawny,

From Twenty to Forty Pound Price at the least,

And Roses of Ribbons adorned each Beast.

The Crest of *F—ce*, (O were it an *As*!)

On the Caps and the Hoofings was a *Centaur* in Brags;

With Hats lac'd with Gold, and with short Wiggs so
bluff,

Their Back-swords hung swaggering in broad Belts of
Buff;

Their Stocks, or black Cravats, genteely were put on,
And fasten'd behind with a Brace of Gold Button.

Each Man of the Twelve had of Pistols a *Brace*,

And a Carabine fixt in it's own proper Place;

By the Learned in War ycleped a Bucket,

A Socket of Leather where he carefully stuck it;

A Stopper of Red, mix'd with White, in each Muzzle,

So much like a Tulip, a Florist they'd puzzle.

Each Rider's fine Coat had a fine Scarlet Cape,

Roll'd up, on the Rump of his Horse, in a Heap;

The *E—* of *K—*'s own Gentleman fingle,

Came trotting up next with a *Jingle di Jingle*,

The Horse was a Stone-Horse he rid, and a Bey,

And a very fine Stone-Horse, as some People say—

The *L— K—*'s Steward, and Gentlemen Waiters,

And other Domesticks, and other like Creatures;

O Lord, who wou'd think that his Lordship was able,

To mount Thirty-five of this Gang from one Stable!

The Gentlemen then of the Country came cap'ring,

With twenty led Horses; and Field Cloaths a vap'ring,

When all of a sudden the Welking grew low'ring,

And all of a sudden the Clouds fell a-pouring;

The Rain it was heavy, the Tempest blew so well,

It fous'd 'em, and dous'd 'em as far as *Lisfowel*—

The Horses and Coaches thro' Puddles did paddle;

The Judges were forc'd to betake to their Saddle;

They gallop'd, and gallop'd, thro' Thick and thro' Thin,

All rough-cast with Mortar, all wet to the Skin;

'Till they came to an Inn, where the Sheriff got ready

An Hundred and Twenty good Dishes, *Berlady*;

All keen-set as Hawks, or as Pris'ners a-starving,

O Heav'ns what Clutter, what Cutting, and Carving!

But short the Repast, in the Mid'st of their Cheer,

As the Devil wou'd have it, there came a Courier,

Who told 'em a River was rising to drown 'em,

Which News did so terrify, fright, and confound 'em,

That they mounted their Horses, and flew off in haste,

Without saying Grace to the High Sheriff's Feast.

Dublin, March the 24th,
1732-3.

WE have been informed that the Hon. *John Fitzmaurice*, Esq; High Sheriff of the County of *Kerry* receiv'd the Judges of Assize at the Bounds of the County, in a most magnificent and splendid Manner, the Particulars of which are as follow, Two running Footmen led the Way, being clothed in White, with their black Caps dress'd with red Ribbons, and red Sashes with deep Fringes. Four Grooms leading four stately Horses with embroidered Caparisons, their Mains and Tails dressed with Roses of red Ribbons. A Page in Scarlet laced with Silver, bearing the Sheriff's white Rod. The High Sheriff in Scarlet, his Sword hanging in a broad Shoulder Belt of a Crimson Velvet covered with Silver Lace, mounted on a very beautiful Stone-Horse, having a Turkish Bridle with Reins of Green Silk intermix'd with Gold, the Caps and Hoofings of Green Velvet, that was almost covered with Gold Lace, and bordered with a deep Gold Fringe. Two Trumpets in Green profusely laced with Silver. Twelve Livery Men in the Colours of the Family, mounted on black Horses from 20 to 40 *l.* Price, with long Tails, which, as well as their Mains, were decked with Roses of red Ribbons; the Caps and Hoofings having a Centaur in Brass, which is the Crest of the *Fitz-maurice's*. They had short Horsemen's Wigs of one Cut, with Gold-laced Hats. Their Back Swords hung in broad Buff Belts. Their Cravats or Stocks were black, fastned with two large Gilt Buttons behind. Each had a Brace of Pistols, and a bright Carabine hanging in a Bucket on his right Side, with a Stopper in the Muzzle, of Red mixt with White that looked not unlike a Tulip: His riding Coat with a scarlet Cape and gilt Buttons was roll'd up behind him.

The Earl of *Kerry's* Gentleman of the Horse single, mounted on a very fine Bay Stone-Horse. The Steward, waiting Gentlemen, and other Domesticks of the Lord *Kerry*.

This Cavalcade of the Earl's own Family, and all mounted out of his own Stable, to the Number of Thirty-Five, being pass'd, there follow'd another of the Gentlemen of the Country, which was very considerable, there being about 20 led Horses with Field Cloths attending them. But the Day proved very unfavourable, and all this Pomp and Gallantry of Equipage was forced to march under a heavy and continued Rain to Listowel, where the High Sheriff had prepared a splendid Entertainment, consisting 120 Dishes to solace the Judges and Gentlemen after their Fatigues; which, it seems, they greatly wanted; for the Roads were so heavy and deep, by Reason of the excessive Rain, that the Judges were forced to leave their Coach, and betake themselves to their Saddle Horses. But their Repast was short, for Tidings being brought that the River *Fayl* was swelling apace, they soon remounted, in order to pass over while it was fordable.

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